The DOWNFAL OF THE WHIGGS:

Or, Their Lamentation for Fear of A Loyal Parliament.

To the Tune of, Patrick Flemmen *he was a Valiant Souldier.*

I.

Did'st ever see the like, dear Brother,
Our Saints they are falling all together?
The *Presbyter*, *Pendant*, and *Quaker*,
We've neither *Hopes* in the House, nor *Speaker*!

II.

The *Tories* Drink to the Confusion
Of our Damn'd Members for the *Exclusion*;
And Curses our *Association*,
Z——s, let us run quite out of the Nation.

III.

How durst they make *L'Estrange* a *Member*!
Our Mortal Foe, and bold Offender?
Whom our late *Parliament* Attempted,
They'd Hang'd him if he had not prevented.

IV.

At *Westminster* under our Noses,
Our numerous *Whiggs* o're Powers Opposes,
And by two Thousand *Votes* Out-pol'd Us,
The Devil I am sure, hath forsook or sold Us!

V.

Shall the Saints who used to have the Glories,
To Vote and Spew out all the *Tories*,
The King no Money must have, they agreed on't
Unless he'l pawn his *Crown* and *Head* on't!

VI.

This *Parliament* will give us Caution
As formerly, to mind ev'ry Motion;
But if th' *Old Cause* should be Over-ruled,
They must expect by the *Rout* for to be Schooled.

VII.

York and *Durham*, *Oxford*, *Cambridge*,
Gloucester, *Winchester*, with Advantage;
Nay, every County and Corporation,
And the Devil a Word of *Arbitration*.

VIII.

Dangerfield in the Name of *Monmouth*,
Used to Knight Men, now's in the Dungeon;
Him we sav'd to save *Oats* our Father,
But now we fear they'l Hang both together.

IX.

Now to save our Saints from Disasters,
We'l Snugg in the Bosoms of our Sisters:
If the *Parliament* send for to Gail us,
Their Smocks our Surplis, none shall Unvail us.

FINIS.

Printed for *J. Dean*, in *Cranborn-Street*, over-against *Newport-House* in *Leicester-Fields*.

2806. d. 2 (1)